

*Prologue to a New Play, called Anna
Bullen, Acted at the Duke's House, by the Banks.*

To Imperial judges in the Pit,
I venture to plead the Author's Cause; and say,
There's not one blunder in his Modest Play.
He brings before you tales a modern Story,
Yet meddles not with either Whig or Tory.
Was't ne'er enough to vain men, of either side,
Two Roses once the Nation did divide?
But must it be in danger now again,
Betwixt the Scarlet, and Green-Ribbon-men?
Who made this difference were not Englands Friends;
Be not their Tools, to serve their Plotting Ends.
Damn the State-Fop, who here his Zeal discovers,
And o'r the Stage (like our Ill Genius hovers)
Give me a Pit of Drinkers, and of Lovers:
Good Sanguine men, who mind no State-Affair,
But bid a base World of it self take care.
We hope their Life's not so abhor'd a thing,
But loves his Country, and would serye his King.
But, if your Parties why should we engage,
Or meddle with the Plots of this mad Age?
We lose enough by those upon the Stage.
Again bring your ill Nature, your false Wit,
Your hoisie Mirth, your fighting in the Pit.
Welcom' masque Teazer, peevish Gamester, Huffer,
All Fools; but Politicians we can suffer
In Gods Name let each man keep to's own Vocation,
Our Trade is to mend you, and not the Nation.
Besides, our Author has this further end,
Fears he's not safe, if but one side's his Friend.
He needs to all, his weakness to defend.
And, to oblige you to't, hopes he has shown,
No Country has men braver than your own.
His Heroes all to England are confin'd:
To your own Fathers stile you will be kind.
He brings no Foreigners to move your pity,
But sends them to a Jury of the City.

Epilogue

T

E P I L O G U E to the same.

Well, Sirs, your kind Opinions now, I pray
 Of this our neither *Whig* nor *Tory* Play :
 To blow such Coals his conscious Muse denies ;
 Wit (Sacred Wit) such Subjects shou'd despise :
 To abuse one Party with a Cursed Play,
 And bribe the other for a vast *Third Day*.
 Like *Gladiators* then you strait resort,
 And crowd to make your *Nero-Faction* sport.
 But, what is worse, that men of sense should do it,
 For worrying one another, pay the *Poet* :
 So Butchers at a baiting take delight
 For him who keeps the Bears to roar and fight ;
 Both friends and foes such Authors make their Game,
 And get your Money, which was all their aim :
 No matter for the *Play*, nor for the *Wit*,
 The better *Farce* is acted in the *Pit*.
 Both Parties to be cheated well agree,
 And swallow any Non-sence, so it be
 With *Faction* guilt, or fac'd with *Loyalty*.
 Here's such a Rout with *Whigging* and with *Torying*,
 That you forget your dear lov'd Sin of *Whoring*.
 The Vizard Masque, who ventures her half Crown,
 Finding no hopes but here to be undone :
 Like a cast Mistress, past her dear Delight,
 Turns Godly strait, and goes to Church for spite ;
 And does not doubt, since you are grown so fickle,
 to find more Cullies in a *Conventicle*.
 We on the Stage stand still, and are content
 To see you act what we should represent.
 You use us like the Women that you wooe,
 You give us Sport, and pay us for it too.
 Well, we're resolved in our next *Play-Bill*
 To print at large a Tryal of your Skill ;
 Then more we hope will run to such a Sight,
 Than would to see 500 Monsters fight,
 Or hear our stubborn Captain's last *Good Night*.

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